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PORTRAITS FROM LIFE,

OR

MEMOIRS

OF

A RAMBLER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PORTRAITS FROM LIFE.

OR

MEMOIRS

OF

A RAMBLER,

K

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

In which are introduced ſome Anecdotes,
New, Curious and Comical.

Vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur. HOR. Sat.

" But little of this great world can I ſpeak,
" And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
" In ſpeaking of myſelf; yet by your patience
" I will a ſhort unvarniſh'd tale deliver
" Of my whole courſe." SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY J. MOORE, AT THE
GOLDEN A, No. 134, DRURY LANE.

PREFACE.

"Sometimes forgotten things, long caſt behind,
Ruſh forward in the brain and come to mind."

DRYDEN.

I Have not the vanity to ſuppoſe that in the Adventures of ſuch an atom in the Creation as myſelf much either of amuſement or inſtruction can be found; but in this miſcellaneous attempt, I flatter myſelf my claim to ſome originality is well grounded, for none of my Predeceſſors, in the novel way, ever produced in their moſt voluminous Works, ſo numerous an aſſemblage of Quotations. This —may ſeem like *puffing*, but as *puffs* are ſo much in faſhion, I have an undoubted *puffing* right to *puff* as much as the moſt *puffing* of the *puffers* in this *puffing* age.

And as my principal motive for ſcribbling this narrative, was to fill up ſome vacant time,

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which might have been worſe employed; I flatter myſelf I ſhall meet the Indulgence of my particular Acquaintance on the occaſion, and eſcape the cenſure of the judicious Critic, to whom I can ſay nothing but the following lines from Juvenal:

" *Perituræ parciie chartæ.*"

In mercy ſpare me when I do my beſt,
To make as much waſte paper as the reſt."

But to thoſe Would-be-Critics, thoſe viper Critics, or rather no Critics at all, who may chance to ſee this little production of a leiſure hour, and who are fond of ſpitting their venom upon every occaſion,

" Each Wight who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each Word-catcher that lives on ſyllables." POPE.

I here boldly tell them to ſit down, and in leſs time, write a better——*if they can.*

As the Reader may probably think that ſome of the Characters, both male and female, deſcribed in this little tale, are too highly coloured, I ſhall only add, that if the Cap

fits

fits any of them let them wear it; but I entertain no perſonal enmity, and am ready to drink a convivial glaſs with the one, or ſip an amicable diſh of tea with the other, if ever we happen to meet.

Perhaps ſome overſcrupulous Perſons may object to the jokes introduced, as being of too *coarſe* a nature—I muſt beg leave to mention that they are at leaſt as *delicate* as ſome made uſe of by our modern *female* writers for the Stage.

So much for Preface; and now if my good Readers pleaſe they may proceed in this *important* Hiſtory, but

'Delight not then, the Author's faults to ſcan,
" Laugh where you muſt, be candid where you can.'

PORTRAITS FROM LIFE,

OR

MEMOIRS

OF

A RAMBLER, &c.

" Ere Years advanc'd diſinclination bring,
" Or Death ſails round me with his raven wing;
" Whether in town or country, well or ill;
" Let what will happen, write I muſt and will."

I was born in a maritime county in the eaſtern part of England. My father who was a conſiderable farmer, ſent me, before I was ſix years of age to a reputable boarding ſchool, in a market town*, where I continued five years; and as I was ſomewhat of a ſtudious turn, I made a tolerable progreſs in my grammatical learning, under the tuition

* The Caſtle in this town (of which ſome beautiful ruins ſtill remain) is of note for having been the reſidence of the bigotted Queen Mary, as a place of refuge and defence during the troubles which diſturbed the latter part of her reign.

of Mr. Syntax, a clergyman in the town; and was equally happy in being able to write at a very early petiod, what was ſtiled a good free hand; indeed, I was always called "a good boy for my book," from the time of my being under the care of an Abecederian till the completion of my education; but ſtill home had ſuch charms, that I exactly anſwered the deſcription given by the inimitable Shakeſpear of the ſecond ſtage of man's life——

"The whining ſchool-boy with my ſatchel,
"And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail,
"Unwillingly to ſchool,"

AS YOU LIKE IT.

My fondneſs for reading and application to my ſtudies, plainly indicated that I was likely to appear to more advantage in a pulpit than behind a counter, or in a writing department rather than in following the plough—being intended by my Father for the farming buſineſs—but of this hereafter.

At the age of eleven I was removed from this ſituation to a village in the neighbourhood, where I boarded at a Shopkeeper's and went to a day ſchool kept by Mr. Feeble, who was incapable of forwarding my education much as he was loaded with the infirmities of age,

"The

" Thelean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
" With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide
" His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
" For his ſhrunk ſhank, and his big manly voice
" Turning again toward childiſh treble pipes;
" And whiſtles in the ſound——

SHAKESPEARE.

and before I had completed twelve months, he was hurried to " that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

I was now ſent to a boarding ſchool of great repute in Eſſex, kept by Meſſrs. Flogwells, where I continued near three years, by way of finiſhing my education; here it was that I acquired a knowledge of the latin language, which inſpired me with a taſte for the claſſical beauties of the different authors, and confirmed me more and more in an inclination I had for the church; I had likewiſe a great fondneſs for recitations, and ſpoutings from play-books, which I frequently practiſed for the amuſement of my good friends, when I viſited them at vacation time. At theſe intervals of leiſure from ſchool I was particularly attached to gardening, in which innocent and healthful amuſement I roſe at an early hour to be employed.

" along

" Along the bluſhing borders bright with dew
" Where in the mingled wilderneſs of flowers,
" Fair handed ſpring unboſoms ev'ry grace,
" Infinite numbers, delicacies. ſmells,
" With hues on hues expreſſion cannot paint,
" The breath of nature, and her endleſs bloom."

THOMSON.

Though I was of a more ſober and ſtudious turn than boys generally are, I was idle enough to play truant now and then, and could, upon occaſion, rob an orchard or kick down an old woman's fruit ſtall as well as the reſt; indeed I once ſlily contrived to exchange a ſtrengthening Plaiſter for a Bliſter, by detaining Dr. Cataplaſm's ſervant, who was carrying the former to a Patient. The *pleaſing* ſenſations which were felt in conſequence of this juvenile frolic are more eaſily conceived than deſcribed:

" I got a thouſand thumps and kicks,
" Yet could not leave my roguiſh tricks."

SWIFT.

At another time, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, I was aiding and aſſiſting in giving a greedy dram drinking fellow, a glaſs of ink for black cherry brandy—what the poor devil ſuffered on this occaſion, beggars al deſcription; but my comrade and

I eſcaped the puniſhment we deſerved, as we tyed him down to ſecrecy by a bribe.

I remember the aforeſaid Dr. Cataplaſm, who was ſent for by the wife to give her huſband ſome relief; on aſking the cauſe of his illneſs was anſwered:

"Why you know, Sir, my good man will tipple a bit ſometimes, and deareſt me, we've all our faults I think, but he ſays, he was ſent for to Squire Sapſcull's, to help to clean againſt his Honour comes home, and happening to ſee a bottle of ink, which he miſtook for red *wind* or cherry bounce, he ſwigged it pretty handſomely on hearing ſomebody coming—hang his greedy ways I ſay, but I hope your goodneſs will ſet him on his legs again, for though I ſay it, he is as kind a huſband as ever ——here either real or fictitious tears put a ſtop to her further utterance: On which this modern Eſculapius, after feeling his patient's pulſe, put on a grave look, applied his cane to his lips, and with three ſignificant hems thus began:

"I very much fear, the *inteſtinum*, *cæcum*, *rectum* and *primum* are moſt violently irritated and affected; and in ſhort that the whole *viſcera*, the *colon*, and *ilia* are equally lacerated and inflamed. The *atramentum* having had, I find, a fourfold effect upon the

the patient, by acting cathartically ſudorifically, emetically and diuretically. which calls for the immediate aſſiſtance of ſtomachics, balſamics and ſoperifics, in order to ſettle, heal, cool and compoſe the parts, paſſages and avenues after having undergone ſo violent an agitation, inflammation, irritation, palpitation, exundation, laceration, laxation, and evacuation——he was proceeding, when a ſtop was put to this learned harangue, by a meſſage from Mrs. Fertile the new made Juſtice's wife, whoſe particular ſituation required the Doctor's immediate aſſiſtance, and he therefore haſted away with a promiſe of ſending the poor man the medicines he had ſo ſagaciouſly recommended.

In a ſhort time after the Doctor arrived at his home with the news of the lady's having brought her huſband a ſon, to the great joy of the Family, &c.—on which old Captain Fireaway, his bottle companion, obſerved—with a horſe laugh—" "By G—, I think the expreſſion of a woman's having *brought* her huſband a ſon, ſeems to be a proper and a cautious one, for it is never ſaid from *whence*" Guage, the Exciſeman, who was preſent, anſwered the Captain, by ſaying—" You're a bit of a wag, Sir, but however there may be ſome truth in the application, for the world has taken ſome liberties with madam's character, and it was rather *imprudent* for a Lady in her circumſtances to think of

marrying

marrying a man not worth a farthing, for every one knows, Fertile was as poor as a cat, before that happened."

"*Imprudent!* replied the ſon of Mars, "how you can talk ſuch d—d nonſenſe, for my part, I think nothing could be more equal; ſhe married for a *cloak*, and he for a *coat*."

So much for dialogue and the pranks of my boyiſh days. However I will juſt add, that theſe tricks were much more dangerous and leſs whimſical, than that of the Weſtminſter ſcholar, who placed a poor ſervant girl *fundamentally* in the midſt of a hot apple pie ſhe was bringing home for dinner.

I had liked to have forgot to mention the numerous loveſick letters copied from loveſick novels. which I uſed to ſend to loveſick girls at Miſs Maidenhead's boarding-ſchool, with the curious and equally loveſick anſwers returned on theſe occaſions; but as more important matters are to be brought forward in this *great* hiſtory, the reader will no doubt excuſe the inſertion of them.

During my ſtay with Meſſrs. Flogwells, I was under the tuition of Signior Scrapini and Monſieur Rigadoon, to learn muſic and dancing, but in the

former

former made but ſmall progreſs, for the violin (which was the inſtrument I practiſed upon) required more attention, patience and application than either I or my maſter ſeemed willing to give it: I poſſeſſed, however, naturally, ſome ear to muſic, and a voice which was called tolerable. On my leaving this ſeminary, I returned home to my father, who, with the reſt of my friends, renewed their perſuaſions for my becoming a farmer; but as I was by talents, diſpoſition, and inclination, unfit for the purſuits of agriculture, I ſtill reſiſted their ſolicitations on this head; my father would often ſay, "that boy will never make a farmer; continually poring over ſome nonſenſical book or other, he's fit for nothing but a parſon, and what's a parſon without a fat living?"

I was ſome time in this uncertain ſituation, where I bore a part in the labours of the hay ſeaſon and harveſt, but every opportunity I could ſteal, I have, as the elegant Thomſon pleaſingly expreſſes it,

"Haſted to the midwood ſhade,
"Where ſcarce a ſun-beam wanders thro' the gloom,
"And on the dark-green graſs beſide the brink
"Of haunted ſtreams, that by the roots of oak
"Rolls o'er the rocky channel,—laid at large,"

and

and amuſed myſelf with the beauties of a Shakeſpeare, an Addiſon, or a Pope. I had at the ſame time ſome little turn to poetry. which had it been cultivated, it is probable I might have produced ſome fugitive pieces not altogether deſpicable; and I was idle enough to entertain ſome romantic ideas that I poſſeſſed talents for the ſtage, which notion as it were,

" Grew with my growth and ſtrengthen'd with
my ſtrength."

However I was deficient in that moſt eſſential requiſite called impudence, or to give it a ſofter name, aſſurance.

I recollect ſpending ſome juvenile hours agreeably enough in botanical reſearches by the help of ſome books of the Linnæan ſyſtem; and though not much acquainted with the medical virtues of plants, I acquired, at leaſt, ſome knowledge of their claſſes, formation, genus, &c. an employment contemplative and innocent, ſeldom failing to impreſs the mind with pleaſing and awful ideas of a wonder-working Providence.

" O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
" In plants and herbs, and their true qualities,

" For

" For nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth live,
" But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give."

SHAKESPEAR.

Theſe were the divertiſements of the " days when I was young," that ſweet but dangerous ſeaſon.

" When be all the pleaſures
" That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts;
" When the freſh blood grows lively, and returns
" Briſk as the April buds in primroſe ſeaſon."

MILTON.

But I was now deſtined to paſs the bloom of life in very different purſuits, for I was ſtill urged to turn my thoughts on farming, to avoid which I was glad to embrace any thing elſe which offered, and incautiouſly fixed on the buſineſs of a ſhop-keeper, which was almoſt as foreign to my natural genius and turn of mind as that of farming could be. Mr. Addiſon, in one of his Spectators, very juſtly remarks, that, " the misfortune is, parents take a " liking to a particular profeſſion, and therefore " deſire their ſons may be of it; whereas in ſo " great an affair of life, they ſhould conſider the " genius and abilities of their children more than " their own inclinations." However, being arrived at a period when it was neceſſary to fix on ſome profeſſion or buſineſs, and ſtanding in great awe of

my

my father, I was induced to make this choice, indeed to fix on any thing, as it was abſolutely neceſſary I ſhould fix on ſomething; and I am inclined to think, that had my proper genius been conſulted at this time, I ſhould have ſhaken off a kind of *mauvaiſe honte* that hanged about me, and which it generally ſo great an obſtacle to ſucceſs in life; Mr. Pope ſays very prettily,

" Be ſilent always when you doubt your ſenſe,
" And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence."

But I muſt confeſs, I have frequently wiſhed I had poſſeſſed the ingrain impudence of an Iriſhman and the cold inſenſibility of a Dutchman, for I believe, in our journey through life, we are oftener duped by diffidence than confidence.

But to proceed with my tale. I was, at the age of ſixteen bound apprentice for four years to Mr. Jolthead a country merchant and ſhopkeeper, but he was neither a man of buſineſs nor education, conſequently inadequate to the truſt repoſed in him, and but ill entitled to the genteel premium given him on the occaſion. In his youth he had been a clumſy ploughman, that " whiſtled as he went for want of thought," and was nearly as ill qualified to be a man of buſineſs as lord high chancellor of Great Britain. From former irregularities he was

become

become a water-drinker, and his wife was of so penurious a diſpoſition, as almoſt to grudge him any eatable out of the common way; in ſhort, Mrs. Jolthead admired the proverb, "charity begins at home;" and hers (like that of Joſeph Surface in the School for Scandal) was of the domeſtic kind which ſeldom ſtirs abroad. Indeed ſhe made her hubby be ſatisfied with Jerry Sneak's fare, thé dry drum ſticks of a turkey, and the d—d fat flaps of a ſhoulder of mutton. I was ſituated in a very unpleaſant part of the county, with few or no opportunies of agreeable converſe, the neighbourhood chiefly abounding with what are called little farmers, whoſe characters might, in general be ſummed up in two words, drunkenneſs and ignorance: indeed they pretty well anſwered the deſcription given of Caliban in the Tempeſt, (particularly in the hours of intoxication,) beings

"on whoſe nature
"Nurture can never ſtick."

What may ſeem laughable enough, *All Saints* was the name of the pariſh I had the honor to reſide in but it might have been very juſtly called *All Devils*, moſt of the inhabitants (the Parſon not excepted) having the greateſt claim to the latter appellation.

It is aſtoniſhing that the vice of ſwearing (which of all others is perhaps attended with the leaſt temptation) ſhould be ſo prevalent amongſt all ranks and degrees of people, from the peer at St James's to the pickpocket at St. Giles's; however theſe Calibans were as well qualified to ſhine in this faſhionable *accompliſhment* as the greateſt London bucks, "who love fun, and keeping it up," as they call it. For I have heard ſuch oaths from them both drunk and ſober, that they might be ſaid to

"Swear, terribly ſwear
"Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heav'nly agues,
"Th' immortal Gods that heard them."

SHAKESPEARE.

Before I proceed further in deſcribing the manners of this **hottentottean* tribe, I muſt beg leave to aſſure my readers, that I mean no reflection on farmers in general, as (with a few exceptions) they form a moſt uſeful and reſpectable part of the community.

The females moſt conſpicuous for their *mental* accompliſhments, during my ſtay here, were Mrs. Wagtail, the principal farmer's wife in the pariſh, and Kitty Clack, the ſhopmaid. The former lady dealt largely in *elegant* old ſayings, ſuch as, "Keep

* A new coined word by the Author.

your

your hat on, calf's head is beſt hot." "What's one man's meat is another man's poiſon." "A cat may look at a King." "Sue a beggar and catch a louſe." Near is the ſhirt but nearer the ſkin," and "a man may catch cold while his breeches are mending," with many others.

But what formed the moſt curious part of Mrs. Wagtail's character was the mode by which ſhe acquired pocket money. It was the cuſtom at the manor-houſe (in which ſhe lived) to keep an animal called *Verres* for the free uſe of the tenants of the manor; but when applied to by the neighbouring farmers (who were not tenants) Mr. Wagtail allowed his wife the fees uſually paid upon theſe occaſions, and ſhe actually———(I have gone to far to recede,)—ſhe actually received———tell it not in town, publiſh it not in the country! however I will venture to write it in latin to ſerve the double purpoſe of ſhewing my learning, and ſparing the bluſhes of my female readers, who are not ſuppoſed to know that language.

In ſhort, this moſt notable of all notable wives, this wonderfully modeſt creature, pocketed the depoſit money, and actually attended the male and female quadrupeds of the above ſpecies *durante tempore copulandi**.

* Not an invention of the Author, but abſolutely fact.

Miſs

Mifs Clack was extremely uſeful in getting off my maſter's damaged remnants, and what are called *old ſhopkeepers*. She would take the farmers by the collar, and bawl out with a voice more than female —"Od rat *yow*, John Lumphead, or Stephen Stumphead, *yow ſhull* buy a new coat of my maſter, that *yow ſhull* by Goſh! *yow* can't think how *yar* dame *wooll* like *yow* in a new coat; bleſs *yar* honeſt phiz, I'll fall in love with *your* myſelf.——*Ramble*, make, another pot of crank."

But to their wives or daughters, who happened to be a little more preciſe, Kitty would artfully change her tone, draw up her mouth lik the aperture of a poor's-box, and prattle away with, "my *dare* Mrs. Cheeſevat, or my good *frind* Miſs Runnett, *gimme lave* to *rikkomend* what *wull ſhute yar cumplickſhum* to a T; I can *iſſure yow*, 'tis quite the thing;—Johnny Ramble, take down that ſweet new *patten*, ſpick and ſpan new from *Lunnun*, and the *killyminko* mark'd O *ſuſs* O."

This young lady (who had never ſeen but one play in her life, and that in a barn) was very fond of ſpouting, and amongſt other paſſages from memory, the following was a favourite, putting herſelf in a ſtage-ſtruck attitude,—

"*Gollop*

" *Gollop* and *prance yow* fiery footed *ſteeds*,
To *feeble*'s manſion, ſuch a *vagabond*
As *feeling Tom*, wou'd *wiſh yow* to the weſt,
And *fetch* in cloudy night *immaditly*.
Spread thy cloſe *cat-in* love performing night,
That *running* eyes may wink and *Rummo*
Skip to theſe arms, *to tickle, tho'* unſeen;
Come night, come *Rummo*, come thou day in night
For *yow wool* lay upon *yar* wings *all* night
Whiter than ſnow upon the *rabble's* back.
Gimme my *Rummo*, night and when he dies,
Stick him and cut him out in little ſtars,
And he *wool* make the face of *Hiv'n* ſo fine,
That all the *warld wool* be in love with night
And pay no *waſhup* to the *glariſh* Sun*."

Our oppoſite neighbour, old Mrs. Towſer, the midwife, was a great admirer of Kitty's converſation and abilities, and would often ſay, "Upon my *wad*, Miſs, *yow are wonderſome* clever to pick up ſuch a *mort* of *larnin*, conſidering *yar* lack of *edification*, as I remember my old neighbours, Gaffer and Gammer Clack, *wornt* in a ſtation to give *yow* much *ſchuling*"

"My good, Mrs. Towſer," ſays Miſs Clack, "*you* quite *overpour* me with compliments

* See Romeo and Juliet, Act the 3d, Scene the 2d.

indeed

ments, indeed *yow flitter* me extremely, but I had *ollus* a hankering *arter* play books, and them ſort of things."

"Dear heart" replied the obſtetrick dame, "*yow'd* have made a charming player-woman *yarſelf*, for *yow* move like a *quean*, and have ſuch a nack at ſputtering, enough to *ſtam* a body."

My fellow apprentice, Tom Treacle, who had the advantage of Miſs Clack, (for he had really been at ſchool) obſerved,

"Kitty may deſerve all your commendations, Mrs. Towſer, but ſhe ſhould not run away with all the praiſe, for though I ſay it and ſhould not ſay it, I am reckoned clever in the ſhop; and as to learning, can crack a conundrum or play with a puzzle as well as any one in the pariſh, the parſon and all, and what's more than that, though I have no *genus* for ſpoutations and ſrimicating fine ſpeeches, I can read the 7th chapter of Nehemiah without blundering, and I'll lay Kitty Clack a wager, ſhe can't ſpell *honorificabilitudinity*, without the help of a dictionary."

"As *yow ar* ſo *cliver* in the ſhop," anſwered the young lady, "I'd have *yow* ſtick there, and not *pertend* to *wy* with *parſons* of taſte, running on about

cunningdrums,

cunningdrums, puzzles, and fine long words. If I chuſe to ſpend my *layſure* time in ſuch *rickorations*, I ſhant *ax* a *jackonips* leave."

Tom was going to reply, when Nat. Ninny, the old woman's grandſon who had been grinning, gaping and and ſtaring all the time, at length burſt out with "Od rabbit it, Mr. Trickle, *yow* don't fare mannerly to the young gentlewoman, ſhe deſerve *betterer*."

Then, licking his chops, and turning to the object of his admiration, he drawled out, "Owns, Madam Kitty, *yow* look ſo charming when *yow ſprout*, as *yow* call it, then *yow* twiſt and twirl *yar* arms about ſo prettily, that ecod I'm all in a tingle when I ſee *yow*; and if I thought *yow* had no *injection*, I ſhould like, though I'm but a boy, as my grandmother ſays, by gowls, I ſhould like to——"

"Hold *yar* jar *yow ſule*, ſays the old woman do *yow* think that Miſs would take up with ſuch a nincompoop, pray grow a little taller and wiſer before *yow* begin to ſnicker after the girls, the young lady is meat for *yar* maſter, and good enough for the firſt He in the pariſh, and when ſhe marries, may ſhe be fruitful as *wine*, as Parſon Flummery ſays, and her children be like *holly* branches round about her table."

So

So much for this firſt ſpecimen of *polite* converſation.

And though I was theatrically inclined myſelf, and could, upon occaſion, ſpout as well as moſt apprentices (not excepting even the ſpruce haberdaſhers and men milleners in Cheapſide and its neighbourhood) yet I ſhrunk back with envy and admiration at the ſuperior talents of the graceful and all accompliſhed Miſs Clack.

But in order to give my readers a taſte of the Burkean and Sheridanean abilities of the gentlemen in this poliſhed neighbourhood, I muſt beg leave to ſubjoin a ſhort converſation, which paſſed in my hearing (and in which the ladies bore no part) between parſon Flummery, a welſh curate, and Sam Squeak, the ſowgelder. The parſon, though not poſſeſſed with the eloquence of a Harriſon or a Duché, was able to read (if not preach) three ſermons on a ſunday, and do the occaſional duty of three pariſhes for thirty pounds a year.

He had too much animal nature about him to withſtand the temptation of a conſenting ſmile from a buxom dairy maid, who expoſed her well turned ancle, in getting over a ſtile; nor could he turn his back upon a capacious bowl of punch, or a jug of ſtout October, whenever it intruded itſelf in

his way: however, to do him juſtice he never got drunk, but————when he had an opportunity.

"Oh! that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains."

SHAKESPEARE.

He was mentioning the circumſtance of Billy Bullcalf's having married the daughter of farmer Lobb, (who was remarkable for pounding his neighbour's cattle on the ſlighteſt treſpaſs,) and after, "grinning horribly a ghaſtly ſmile." added—"May I nefer eat a piece of toaſted cheeſe again, but I ferily pelieved his affections, his teſires and his appetites would ſoon drive him into *Lopp's pound*, and I think it is a *goot thing* for both."

"I don't know what you may drive at," cries Squeak, "but I'll wager a collar of brawn, that for all his *infections*, his *fires*, and his *happynights*, he'll be one of the horned cattle before the *hunnymune* time is well over."

"Maſter Squeak," replied the the parſon, "you talk unſeemly of neighbour Bullcalf. You ought to have and to hold, and to poſſeſs more charity, which is a fine virtue, look'ye, and covers a multitude of ſins. Beſides you might know and obſerve

that

that your own ſins and intemperancies are more than you can well mend without troupling yourſelf about other peoples."

" Not ſo faſt, maſter parſon," anſwered the caſtrator of ſwine, " not ſo faſt, none of your flummery in my eye, you may preach about charity, and talk of *intemperatures*, and the like of that there as long as you pleaſe; but where was your charity or your chaſtity either, when you crack'd a *commandiment* with farmer Fumble's wife behind the buttery door?"

On this (whether from conſcious guilt, or what other cauſe I know not) the parſon's welch blood mounted, the ſow-gelder's greaſy chops gliſtened with anger, and from words they came to blows, affording a ſpecimen of the broughtonian art, which would have done honor to a *Humphries* or a *Mendoza*.

" At firſt both parties in reproaches jar,
And made their tongues the trumpets of the war.
They clutch'd their horny fiſts, exchang'd with
ſurious blows." TAT. JUV.

However, by the interpoſition of Cribſack the miller; Jack Anvil, the blackſmith, and ſome other *gentlemen* pugiliſts, peace was reſtored, and fiſts

ſhaked (victory leaning rather to the ſide of the parſon)—After which they got lovingly drunk over ſome rumbo or bumbo, I forget which, and " and away they both ſtagger'd together."

Thus ends the deſcription of theſe bacchanals; but as Caſſius ſays.

" To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt!—every inordinate cup is unbleſſed and the ingredient is a devil."

SHAKESPEARE'S OTHELLO.

Such were the greater part of my maſter's cuſtomers, and ſuch the ſociety in which I was placed. My friends thought it adviſable to fix me here, in order that I might avoid the temptations to vice and extravagance, which generally prevail ſo much in large towns, but how far their judgment was right I leave to the determination of the unprejudiced reader. However I filled up my vacant hours as well as I could, by reading books, hired from the next market town, for my reliſh for literary amuſements far exceeded my deſire to improve my talents for buſineſs.

At the expiration of the four years I returned to my friends, with whom I continued ſome weeks, then went as journeyman to a mercer, in the prin-

cipal

cipal town in the county, remarkable for being the birthplace of a famous cardinal, a man of the meaneſt extraction and higheſt ambition,

" Full of vain aims, inordinate deſires,
" Blown up with high conceits, engend'ring pride."

MILTON.

Mr. Florentine (which was my maſter's name) had a great (I will not ſay elegant) flow of words, and he made his puffing and volubility anſwer extremely well by ſcraping together a very liberal fortune, though he was originally in a a ſimilar capacity as myſelf. Our ſhopmark, which formed the words, "*ſell for gain*" was applicable in the extreme, for Florentine bought his goods as cheap and ſold them as dear as any body. In a few words, he had the good luck to marry his miſtreſs, who, like moſt wid ows had no great objection to try another huſband.

" Determin'd with him to the altar ſhe'd pop
" For 'twas he that cou'd buſtle and ſtir in her ſhop."

O'KEEFE.

Whilſt I lived in this town, the inhabitants were remarkably attached to card playing, particularly the ladies Superanuated widows and forlorn ſpinſters would frequently meet in the church-yard,

after morning prayers, to propoſe a party at quadrille in the evening; for though ſurrounded with death's heads, croſs bones, and the various *momento mori*'s of the place; mortality was little thought of, and it was perceivable enough that ſpadille, manille and baſto were moſt predominant in the minds of theſe time-killing females,

" Now move to war the ſable matadores,
In ſhew like leaders of the ſwarthy Moors."
POPE.

But it would fill a volume three times the ſize of this,

" All the ſuperfluous whims relate,
That fill a female gameſter's pate;
What agony of ſoul ſhe feels,
To ſee a knave's inverted heels." SWIFT.

Being a member of the church of England, I would not have it ſuppoſed, that I entertain the fanatical notions of the Methodiſts, (who think a game of cards not only loſt time, but a criminal indulgence;) for I like to ſpend an hour in this amuſement myſelf, independent of gaming; as it frequently promotes ſocialty, and renders a long Winter's evening leſs tedious. I only mean to cenſure thoſe who dedicate their leiſure time or viſiting hours ſolely to this practice, which might

ſometimes

ſometimes be more uſefully filled up with books, converſation or muſic.

Apropos of Methodiſts. Frank Funlove, a droll fellow, whom I ſometimes meet, very lately whiſpered in my ear, as a great ſecret. "I know you can be mum upon occaſion, therefore I'll truſt you, I had it from a great man's footman, and 'tis abſolute fact, that government are become very partial to the Methodiſts, as it has been diſcovered that their *evening lectures*, which are very frequent, contribute in a ſurprizing degree to *population*."

My ſituation, while with Florentine, was genteel, and improving, but on his taking a young man as partner in the trade, I was in conſequence diſcharged, after ſtaying nine months.

I went back to my native place, and after ſome interval I was recommended to Meſſrs. Smugglewell and Co. retail linen-drapers in the Strand, I therefore poſted up to the great town, where I had been once before for a ſhort time, at the cloſe of my apprenticeſhip. Here I met with difficulties, which are generally experienced by thoſe who have been uſed to the confined way of doing buſineſs in the country, and are launched all at once into that ocean of trade, gaiety and diſſipation, London; or if the reader pleaſes, he may call it

" A region of ſmoke, noiſe, ſin and ſea coal, mixt"

While I am ſpeaking of the Metropolis, I muſt reſpaſs on the reader's patience by pointing out a few inconſiſtencies in the ſituation, &c. of the principal buildings, which have occurred to me during my reſidence in town.

ST. PAULS.

" Beſt be he called among good men
" Who to his God this column rais'd,
" Tho' lightning ſtrike the dome again
" The man whc built it ſhall be prais'd."

PRIOR.

ON viewing this magnificent ſtructure, where beauty and ſtrength is ſo happily united, every perſon of taſte, or indeed common diſcernment, muſt be ſtruck with admiration. But why hide it from the eye of the paſſenger? It is moſt injudiciouſly crouded with houſes, and blackened by the ſmoak which iſſues from the ſurrounding chimnies. Every impartial ſpectator, muſt confeſs, that it is inconſiſtent in the extreme, to conceal a building which occupied ſo much time in the erecting, and on

which

which ſo large a ſum was expended. Had the original plan of the architect been put in execution, uninterupted views of this vaſt fabric, this ornament to the Britiſh nation, would have charmed the ſpectator's eye, and have been ſeen to ſome advantage *in* town; but we muſt go *out* of town, or at leaſt to the environs, or over the bridges, to view it with ſatisfaction. I muſt not omit to mention that to the great diſcredit of the city, the inſide of this beautiful cathedral begins to look very dirty.

MANSION HOUSE.

His Lordſhip's ſpouſe oft' ſaid, ſhe thought it hard
The Mayor ſhou'd loſe his title with his office.
Adapted from Richard. III.

HERE is another inſtance of bad taſte and want of judgment, at leaſt with reſpect to the ſituation of this large and heavy pile of building: for though the architect may juſtly claim ſome merit, the beauty of the edifice is not ſeen to any advantage, by being placed in ſo low and crouded a ſpot—Such things are, but ought not to be.—O ye fat and greaſy citizens! when will your private intereſt give way to public ornament and utility?

SOMERSET'

SOMERSET PLACE.

" The haſty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work ſome praiſe,
And ſome the architect."

MILTON.

THESE buildings, appropriated to public offices may be ranked amongſt the moſt elegant in Enrope in point of architecture and durability; but is it not a pity, owing to the ſituation that ſo much of the edifice is buried from the eye of the ſpectator? Somerſet Place, would certainly have appeared with encreaſed advantage, if built on an elevated ſpot, and from the expenſive magnificence of this range of buildings, they are adapted more for the reſidence of royalty, than the tranſaction of public buſineſs, Some think the arches which form the entrance to theſe offices from the Strand are too confined to give the paſſenger a ſufficient view of the quadrangle, &c. and that a wider acceſs would have added convenience and beauty, without leſſening the effect of the *coup d'œil:* but (though I am mentioning inconſiſtencies) I muſt confeſs, I think the entrance *is conſiſtent* with the general plan and height of the building.

ST.

ST. JAMES's PALACE.

Vivant Rex et Regina.

THIS jumble of architecture though uſeful for levees, birthdays and other occaſions, is ſcarce worthy the name of a palace, and muſt give foreigners but a poor idea of royalty in this country. For the honor of the Britiſh nation, why not build a magnificent and extenſive palace in Hyde-Park, or ſome other eligible ſpot? But, however, our good Monarch has a ſolid foundation in the hearts of his people, and whilſt we keep up old England's beſt bullwarks, her wooden walls, he wants not the aid of architectural elegance to encreaſe his fame.

Now I am in the vicinity of the Parks, I will juſt add a bon mot, ſaid to the late Queen, who having ſome diſtant notion of encloſing St. James's Park, *entirely for the uſe of the royal family*, conſulted the late Lord Cheſterfield about the expences; his Lordſhip ſtartled at the propoſal, at firſt waved his opinion; but at length being preſſed to it, he replied, " Why then, madam, I think it may come to about *three crowns*."

But

But for a modern anecdote, a wag lately obſerved, on ſeeing York Houſe, (juſt finiſhed for the Royal Duke) that "the *oven* before it, like moſt others, would, no doubt, be ſometimes uſed for the reception of *cakes underbaked*."—However (to lay aſide joking) this building makes no great appearance, contraſted with the Treaſury and Horſe Guards, Whitehall.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"An awful pile! ſtands venerably great."

ADDISON.

——————————"We gaze around;
We read the Monuments; we ſigh; and while
We ſigh, we ſink; and are what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!"

YOUNG.

THE avenues to this fine old building are more confined than St. Pauls, and almoſt the only gothic ſtructure worth notice in the metropolis, is concealed (at leaſt in part) from the view of the paſſengers, 'till they get to ſome diſtant ſituation. This collegiate church is in the ſame diſagreeable predicament with the cathedral abovementioned, being, to the great diſgrace of the parties concerned, intolerably

dirty

dirty, and the ſculptured ornaments which reflect ſo much honor, both on the dead and the living, are covered with duſt, and ſome of them ſhamefully defaced.

I beg my readers pardon for this digreſſion; and now, if they pleaſe, we will return to Meſſrs. Smugglewell and Co.

Theſe gentlemen kept but a poor kitchen, (which was the dining place allotted to me and my colleagues) what was worſe, we were under the diſagreeable influence of a vile Scotch cook, and when buſineſs would permit us to eat at all, were obliged to put up with parboiled fragments of meat and unpeeled potatoes in a lukewarm ſtate; ſtill ſhe would bawl out, if we exceeded ten minutes at a meal, "Hoot awa you loons, the de'el burſt your guts, you're a'ways a ſtuffing. Wou'd you had nae to eat but *crowdy moudy."

I had been here but two or three months when a very dangerous accident of cutting my hand, by falling againſt a glaſs door, made it neceſſary to procure the aſſiſtance of a ſurgeon and nurſe. I was therefore removed to an obſcure lodging, where by the ſkill of the former and the care of the latter, I was able to uſe my hand tolerably well, after two

* A ſort of water gruel.

months

months confinement and expence. Lucky indeed it was for me I was under the care of an experienced town ſurgeon, for had I fallen into the hands of a country practitioner, amputation, I believe, muſt have been the inevitable conſeqnence. Meſſrs. Smugglewell and Co. to whom I now returned, had a ſtring of genteel cuſtomers, and as they dealt in certain articles which find a ready acceptance with the ladies, I frequently waited on families of the firſt faſhion, at the weſt end of the town; yet notwithſtanding this run of buſineſs and their *fair* trade, they became bankrupts, after I had lived with them about eight months: and now my unlucky ſtars prevailing, in being thrown out of employ, and unprovided in town with friends, whoſe recommendations might have been ſerviceable to me,

"The world was all before me, where to chuſe
My place of reſt, and Providence my guide."

MILTON.

A deſire to ſee my country friends induced me ſoon after to leave London, though with ſome reluctance, as there were opportunities of indulging my propenſity to ſtage amuſements, and other purſuits, more congenial to my taſte than the country afforded. But though London affords ſuch a variety in buſineſs and amuſement, and is, perhaps, the moſt convenient place either to live or die in, yet

I look back with pleaſure and regret to the rural paſtimes of my early years :

" Dear lovely bowers of innocence and eaſe,
Seats of my youth, when every ſpot could pleaſe ;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happineſs endear'd each ſcene !
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The ſhelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the buſy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn-buſh, with ſeats beneath the ſhade,
For talking age and whiſpering lovers made ;
How often have I bleſſed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their ſports beneath the ſpreading tree ;
While many a paſtime circled in the ſhade,
The young contending as the old ſurvey'd ;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And ſleights of art and feats of ſtrength went round ;
And ſtill as each repeating pleaſure tir'd,
Succeeding ſports the mirthful band inſpir'd.
Sweet was the ſound, when oft at evening's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur [illegible] :
There as I paſt with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below.

" The

" The ſwain reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung,
The ſober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
They playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whiſp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind,
Theſe all in ſoft confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made."

GOLDSMITH.

While on this pleaſing theme it brings to my recollection my worthy catechiſt, the good vicar of my native pariſh, the Rev. Mr. Trueworth, whoſe memory I revere, and whoſe character forms a ſtriking contraſt to Parſon Flummery, in this hiſtory. Of Trueworth, it might be juſtly ſaid,

" A man he was, to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wiſh to change his place;
Unſkilful he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.

" At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;

Truth

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Ev'n children followed with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile:
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleas'd him and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heav'n:
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Tho' round it's breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head."

GOLDSMITH.

The beauty of the two preceding quotations, I flatter myſelf, will ſufficiently apologize for their length.

Not long after my return, a place offered at a Quakers in Eſſex*, Obadiah Oddfiſh, which I accepted, but verily there was nothing to entice me to tarry a long while, for behold I was conſtrained to dabble in dirty grocery, and piddle in petty haberdaſhery; yea, confinement and chilblains were near

* At Halſtead, a town much reſorted to for the cure o ſcrofulous diſorders by the uſe of the herb *Verbenaca*.

at hand, but improvement and emolument afar off I continued half a year with the quivering, quaking, ſhivering, ſhaking tribe,—but before I bid them farewell, I will juſt add, that on my firſt coming to this ſituation, my maſter (who was not of the rigid ſort) had that day day taken to himſelf a rib, and though an entire "ſtranger they took me in," and I was admitted to ſup with them on the wedding night. I remember, from ſome little accidental circumſtance, the ſalt was ſpilt at that part of the table, where ſat the young Obadiah and the wife of his boſom; the bridegroom pleaſantly reprimanded her as the cauſe of the accident, on which ſhe as pleaſantly parodied a line from Macbeth,

"Shake not thy *uncurl'd* locks at me,
Thou can'ſt not ſay I did it."

Supper being ended, the wine circulated, and the marriage contract handed about, a grave old broadbrim, with a very queer phiz, admoniſhed the young couple to pay a due obſervance to *ſpiritual things* in the ſtate they had juſt entered into; but the reader, no doubt, ſuppoſes they were too much taken up with the thoughts of *other things*, to attend a great deal to old Ephraim's exhortation.

A ſhort time after a grocer and draper at the neareſt market town, wanted an aſſiſtant, thither I imme-

immediately repaired, as my father was impatient at my being at home out of employ. Mr. Shatterbrain, my new maſter, in fact, was by no means maſter of himſelf, as, poor man, either from a diſappointment in love, or ſome hereditary malady, he was, except at a few intervals, a downright madman,

" Mad as the ſea and wind, when both contend
" Which is the mightier." HAMLET.

A ſituation like this could not be conſidered very comfortable, and ſuch was the ill conſequence of his inſanity, that a few weeks after I had been with him, the confuſion and irregularity in his affairs was a means of ſummoning his creditors; in ſhort he became a bankrupt, and I was entruſted by the aſſignees with the care of the remaining ſtock, till the buſineſs could be ſettled,

As I had now a great deal of leiſure time, the ſhop being ſhut up, I had an opportunity of filling up my vacant hours agreeably enough, in the ſociety of the ſprightly Flirtilla, who lived in the ſame houſe.

" *Love is of ſuch thin ſubtlety,
It ſteals and creeps in at the eye."

HUDIBRAS.

* Here the readers (who are under the influence of the ſoft paſſion) will cry out " *omnia vincet amor*, " welcome the charming ſubject! a novel is of no value without it."

There

There was ſomething in her behaviour bordering on levity, but her perſon and converſation together, were too pleaſing at the time not to engage my attention, and for a few weeks, whether at home or in our evening walks,

" Still in harmonious intercourſe we liv'd
" The rural day. and talk'd the flowing heart,
" Or ſigh'd and look'd unutterable things."

THOMPSON.

A place now offering itſelf at Mr. Soakers, an eminent merchant and tradeſman at the town where I was five years a ſchool-boy, made it neceſſary that I ſhould ſnatch myſelf from a ſociety ſo agreeable to me; but as Flirtilla was not famous for conſtancy, and my new ſituation not admitting of ſo ſteady an attachment as before, I heard that in leſs than a month after my departure ſhe had given her hand to an officer in the army; gueſs, therefore, if I had not ſome reaſon to exclaim with Hamlet—

" Yet within a month!
Let me not think—frailty thy name is woman!
A little month!"

Here probably ſome of my roguiſh readers will laugh, from the recollection of the old remark, " that the ladies are uſually captivated with a bit of ſcarlet

ſcarlet cloth as naturally as a turkey cock is moved at the ſight of a red handkerchief."

So much for my good or ill ſucceſs in love matters, perhaps the former is moſt applicable, for it is whiſpered that her huſband is the

" Ingrateful wretch, that never thanks his maker."

and, not without a cauſe, tormented with

" A green-ey'd monſter, which doth make
The meat it feeds on." OTHELLO.

My friend, Bob Rattle. endeavoured to comfort me on this occaſion, by ſaying " Zounds, Ramble, where is the uſe of pining your guts to fiddle ſtrings for the ſake of an inconſtant object? I have found, by long experience, women to be like Telephus's ſpear, if one end kills, the other———.

" Hold, Bob" ſays I, " your tongue is a perpetual motion, and runs faſter than your wit, and if you muſt give your advice, I think it might have been conveyed in more delicate terms."

" Delicate devils," replied he, " my advice is grounded on experience and knowledge of the world,—and you muſt look out for another attachment."

ment" Then pouring out a glaſs of wine, he repeated the following lines from Cowley in a kind of comical recitative

" Here's to thee, Jack, this whining love deſpiſe,
Pledge me, my friend, and drink 'till thou art wiſe."

and tolling off another bumper,

" Here's to thee again, thy ſenſeleſs ſorrow drownd,
Let the glaſs walk 'till all things too go round."

However buſineſs, together with a new ſet of acquaintance, pretty well effaced from my memory this once agreeable attachment.

Mr. Soaker, my new maſter (who had better talents for buſineſs than generally falls to the lot of a country ſhopkeeper) was a true bacchanalian and adhered ſtrictly to the old motto, " *Vivimus dum bibimus.*"

But he ſuffered terribly by arthritical complaints, which confined him to his chamber for months together; yet ſtill he would ſacrifice to the jolly god.

" Though knots upon his gouty joints appear'd
And chalk was in his crippled fingers found."

DRYDEN'S PERS.

His

His complaint was entirely the gout, for he was too much of a gentleman to have the rheumatiſm, fit only for porters, carmen and poor old women.

In this ſituation I had conſtant confinement, and employment at times both dirty and laborious, which made me ſigh for the amuſements of the theatre, and the ſociety and converſation of a more enlightened neighbourhood; in ſhort I wiſhed (as trade was to be the object) that I might once more be placed in the metropolis, where I thought I could (though in a ſituation ſomewhat confined) ſpend my leiſure hours more ſuitable to my talents and diſpoſition. During my ſtay in this place I had leave to make an excurſion into Kent, on a party of pleaſure to Coxheath camp, and I do not recollect ever to have ſpent a fortnight more agreeably to my wiſhes ſince I was of "the altitude of a chopin." The beautiful appearance of the hops, and the extenſive proſpects which this fine county affords, was no ſmall delight to me who had been uſed to a flat country; and liberty acquired additional charms, after I had been cooped up ſo long a journeyman grocer.

"O liberty! thou goddeſs heavenly bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight,
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign."

ADDISON.

Soaker, either from a motive of intereſt, caprice, or convenience, diſcharged me after I had lived with him two years; and thus was I once more out of place, and at liberty to go again a ſhop hunting.

I now returned to my friends, but with the ſame ſentiments, the ſame deſires, and the ſame opinions, as before, my diſinclination to trade being too deeply rooted to be eaſily removed,

" T' accompliſh which I might as ſoon
Endeavour to *deface* the moon."

HUDIBRAS.

Some think that conſulting a child's diſpoſition is not neceſſary, and that a youth will naturally like any profeſſion in which he is once thoroughly engaged; of the mechanical profeſſions this may be in part true, but of the others it is not, at leaſt I am myſelf a ſtriking inſtance to the contrary.

My deſire to come to London was gratified in leſs than two months, by being recommended to a welch widow in M——ſtreet, Groſvenor-ſquare, who kept a ſhop in the petty haberdaſhery and hoſiery, Mrs. Penelope Porpoiſe, from the hills of Penmanmaur, ſo that I poſted up to the great town with the hope of being more agreeably ſettled, but I was diſappointed. Voltaire makes one of his female

female characters deſcribe herſelf to be of ſo fine a ſhape, that all the women who ſaw her before and behind were in raptures, and all the men wiſhed to be in their places, but I believe the widow Porpoiſe had no right to ſuch encomiums, being of a ſize, that like old Jack Falſtaff, ſhe could not eaſily "creep into a halfpenny purſe, nor into a pepper box;" and to carry the compariſon ſtill further it is probable that ſhe had not ſeen her own knee for at leaſt twenty years, or thereabouts. To an indifferent ſpectator, who had read Hudibras, the following lines muſt have recurred to his memory on ſeeing this lady:

"Grown fat and purſy by retail
Of pots of beer and bottled ale:
Or bawd-like plump as mother Nab,
All guts and belly like a crab."

Indeed ſhe was as ignorant and ſuſpicious as ſhe was fat and ſhort winded, low bred and uneducated, having been, I believe, originally cook in ſome family weſt ſide of Temple-bar, conſequently it was not to my advantage to continue long,

Though nothing leſs than the pencil of a Bunbury could do ſtrict juſtice to the *weighty* merits of this female, I ſhall take the liberty of adding a poetical deſcription of her charms, written by Ben

Brazenface an attorney's clerk, who lived next door, and which was conveyed to her by the penny poſt:

A face diſguis'd without a maſk,
A waiſt as round as any caſk,
A double chin, a ſhort pug noſe,
And like a duck ſpreads out her toes.
Two paws for arms, a pair of fiſts,
Well lin'd with fat about the wriſts;
A great protuberance behind,
Blown out with either fleſh or wind.
Then ſuch a tongue! to hear her ſpeak
T' would drown your hearing for a week;
To ſum the whole, ſearch thro' her ſex,
To match her would Old Nick perplex.

After three months I left her, took a ſnug lodging, and was for ſome weeks a "gentleman at large," which gave me an opportunity of indulging my theatrical taſte, and following other purſuits more conſonant to my love of liberty, inclination for books and reliſh for the rational amuſements of the gay metropolis; but as my father remitted me no more caſh than was ſufficient to defray my neceſſary charges, I was obliged to purſue a plan of economy, in order to ſupport the expences attendant on curioſity and pleaſure.

Pleaſure, gay queen of ev'ry art,
To win and keep the human heart,
Whatever ſhape or garb you wear,
As Hebe young, as Venus fair;
Whether in regal pomp array'd,
Or deep ſequeſter'd in the ſhade,
Beneath a roſeate bow'r reclin'd,
Still, ſtill, the idol of mankind:
To thee ſeducing queen, to thee
They lift the eye and bend the knee;
Thee huſbands, fathers, brothers, fear,
Yet all obey, both far and near;
Ah! whence thy powers, fair ſiren, ſay,
To draw aſide the ſons of clay?

Very few bachelors, I believe, from the age of eighteen to twenty-eight are "abſolute Joſephs" with reſpect to a certain oldfaſhioned virtue, or can entirely withſtand the allurements of that

"Female troop, ſo blithe, ſo ſmooth, ſo gay,
Bred only and compleated to the taſte
Of luſtful appetence; to ſing to dance,
To dreſs, and troul the tongue and roll the eye."

MILTON.

And ſome ſly experienced co:lgers upon theſe occaſions cry out,

" O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified ?"

" Alas! poor human nature; all fleſh is frail, &c." For my part " I ſay nothing, but this I will ſay,"

" All men have follies, which they blindly trace,
Through the dark turnings of a dubious maze;
But happy thoſe who by a prudent care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious ſnare."

FOMFRET.

Notwithſtanding the temptations to which I was expoſed, I did not miſs any opportunity of procuring employment, and after innumerable applications to, and impoſitions from regiſter offices and advertiſing ſwindlers, I was fixed in the capacity of clerk at Mr. Copperbottoms, in G——ſtreet, Soho, who called himſelf brazier and ſtove-grate-maker to his Majeſty.

Mr. and (the nominal) Mrs. Copperbottom, (for they were not married) were

" As amorous, and fond, and billing,
As *Philip* and *Mary* on a ſhilling."

HUDIBRAS.

This connexion, my reader will allow was faſhionable

onable enough, yet but half as faſhionable as ſome tradeſmen, who, it is ſaid, keep their wives and miſtreſſes too. I left this place after ſix months ſtay and for a few weeks I had a kind of temporary employ with Mr. Peter Petulant, an Iriſh factor in the city, but he was ſuch a ſtrange compoſition of whim, haughtineſs and illnature, that it was impoſſible, at times, to pleaſe him by the moſt aſſiduous application, or to find out by his manner whether he was in jeſt or earneſt. in a good humour or a bad one;

" So ſullenly addicted ſtill,
To's only principal, his will:
That whatſoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
No force of argument cou'd move;
For he at any time wou'd hang,
For th' opportunity t' harangue;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Then miſs his dear delight, to wrangle:
In which his parts were ſo accompliſh'd,
That right or wrong, he ne'er was non-plus'd:
But ſtill his tongue rtin on, the leſs
Of weight it bore, with greater eaſe;
And with it's everlaſting clack
Set all men's ears upon the rack."

HUDIBRAS.

However

However this four Gentleman recommended me to Mr. Dimity, in Piccadilly,

" Who was a linen-draper bold,
As all the world does know."

COWPER.

On my firſt coming to this dealer in *white lies* and *white linen*, he took me aſide, and with much earneſtneſs obſerved: " It has always been my ambition to employ *ſharp cunning fellows* in my ſhop. I therefore truſt you will obſerve the eſtabliſhed maxims ſo ſtrictly adhered to by all ſnippers of muſlin and clippers of cambric, which are, *Take in every body you can. but ſuffer nobody to take you in. Deal pretty much in the marvellous, and always make two prices*;" for if it were not for theſe things, how ſhould my neighbour Froth, the haberdaſher, keep his gig and country-houſe at Newington-Butts, or I my one horſe chaiſe* and villa at Hammerſmith ?"

This ſituation was preferable to what I had lately experienced, being in a pleaſant and polite part of the town, and I had the honour of waiting on many of the faſhionable world; but my maſter, as is uſual, charged them pretty high for all the goods he ſold them, moſt of them requiring a very long

* Lord Mansfield, with great propriety, calls theſe vehicles *bankrupt-carts.*

credit.

credit. The part of the year in which I remained here was made memorable by that ſcene of riot, rapine and devaſtation, which muſt ever reflect an indelible ſtain in the hiſtorical page of this country: when the firſt magiſtrate of the firſt city in the world, with his inferior inſtruments, might have juſtly been termed

"Groſs feeders, lion talkers, lamb-like fighters,"

"T'was was when a chief, a mad fanatic chief,
More noiſy than the reſt, but cried hallo!
And in a trice the bellowing herd came out,
Coaches were ſtopt, and perriwigs pull'd off,
And one and all's the word, true cocks of the game!
That never aſk for whom or what they fight,
But turn them out and ſhew them but a foe,
Cry popery! and that's a cauſe for quarrel."

Altered from DRYDEN's Spaniſh Friar.

The neighbourhood in which I was at that period luckily eſcaped the outrages committed during this myſterious tranſaction, and though under ſome alarm, we went on in the old way of talking tradeſmen's nonſenſe, as reconciled by cuſtom;

"Our faces with affected grace diſtort,
And at each meaſure ſnip an inch too ſhort."

Conſidering my diſinclination to buſineſs, I may without vanity aſſert, that I appeared to greater

 advantage

behind the counters of the various ſhops I had been in than it was reaſonable to expect, and I could now and then (though againſt my conſcience) tell a white lie, and ſputter out a portion of that *whipt-ſyllabubbean** kind of converſation, which the dapper retail dealer find ſo neceſſary to uſe both in town and country.

Still it muſt plainly, appear from theſe memoirs, that I was not *cut out* for a tradeſman, of any deſcription whatever;

" And in a ſea of buſineſs toſt
My youthful hours of life were loſt."

SWIFT,

The education my good father gave me was nearly thrown away in the mode of life I had been engaged in; a knowledge of the claſſics was of no uſe to me behind the counter, and only ſerved to encreaſe the diſlike I had conceived for ſelling ſugar, or cutting off flannel for an old woman's under petticoat. When I left ſchool I was a very good latinſt, and I now ſincerely regret that ten years reſidence in ſhops and warehouſes has much impaired my knowledge of the language,

* Another new-coined word by the author.

" Which

" Which was to me no more difficile
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whiſtle."

BUTLER,

And I cannot but obſerve, that however injudicious the choice which inexperienced youth may make of a buſineſs or profeſſion, yet the evil is frequently greater, from their being debarred following their inclination in this point.

I muſt make another remark here, which is, that when a young man is cramped in his inclination, reſpecting what is of the utmoſt importance to his welfare in life, he generally miſſes the opportunity of being ſo well ſettled in the married ſtate as thoſe who, either from having been permitted to make choice for themſelves or from the poſſeſſion of wealth, find no juſt cauſe or impediment; and though I am convinced that money will not enſure happineſs, yet I am of opinion, that there are charms in the poſſeſſion of property which give independence to the mind and chearfulneſs to the ſpirits.

" Money which is the mighty power,
That all mankind fall down before;
Money that like the ſwords of kings,
Is the laſt reaſon of all things."

BUTLER.

And

And who is not chearful in the poſſeſſion of a handſome quantity of that precious metal called *gold*, if he has a heart to promote its circulation? for, to ſpeak in the ſtile of quack *Freeman* or any other quacking quack; "it acts as a kind of *animal magnetiſm* on the mental and corporeal faculties, pervading the whole ſyſtem, and brightening the countenance with the ſmile of proſperity;" but as the world goes, its uſe is too often perverted, for it makes

" Black, white; fair, foul; wrong, right:
Baſe, noble; old, young; coward. valiant."

SHAKESPEARE.

Yet let me not be ungrateful for the little I do poſſeſs, more, much more than I deſerve comes to my ſhare; away then with theſe ſtarts of diſſatisfaction.

" O to be happy be content,
Nor break with care thy ſleep;
Bliſs like a ſhadow when purſued.
Does the ſame diſtance keep.

* I am credibly informed by one who was preſent while ſeveral perſons of both ſexes were *magnetiſed*, that this new mode of expelling diſeaſes, has a ſomewhat ſimilar effect on the patient with Dr. Laſt's preſcription; by ſetting open *all avenues*, and giving a liberty (as it were) to the complaint to get out *more ways than one*.

So

So much for ſentiment——here perhaps ſome of my readers (and I give them leave) will ſay, with Sir Peter Teazle, " d— your ſentiment, I ſhall never like a ſentiment again as long as I live." And I agree with them, when it is accompanied with the hypocriſy of a Surface.

In about ſix months I left Mr. Dimity, when my father, came up to town; and previous to his return, an old acquaintance of his, who poſſeſſed a place in a public office, mentioned a vacancy in it, which he thought I might fill with more ſatisfaction to myſelf and credit to my friends, than in purſuing plans of ſhop-keeping, which had hitherto proved ſo unſucceſsful. My father, conſented to the propoſal, we waited on the commiſſioner, and the buſineſs was ſoon ſettled.

I was now fixed in a way of life more ſuitable to my inclination than any I had hitherto experienced, but I had to regret my not being placed in it at an earlier period inſtead of murdering away ten years in the purſuits of trade, I hope the following lines exiſt principally in the poets imagination,

" The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

HAMLET:

But

But I remembet Daniel Diffident, formerly a clerk in the E—Office, and member of a free and eaſy club (which I ſometimes viſited) uſed to ſay "I have ſeen a little of life, (that was his hobby horſe phraſe) and what I ſay I ſpeak from experience, you all know I underſtand life, "and this is truth I will maintain until my dying day," as the ſong ſays, that in moſt departments under government, modeſt merit or abrilities ſeldom get advanced when in competition with effrontery or intereſt And ſome I know, for I have ſeen a bit of life, ſome who figure away in chariots and phaetons, coaches and cabrioles, whiſkeys and neckbreaking whirligigs, have got rapidly promoted, without poſſeſſing one grain of merit, or abilities ſufficient for a country pariſh-clerk: and, though entirely deſtitute of the *graces* and *ſuaviter in modo*, which Lord Cheſterfield ſo ſtrongly recommends, ſome how or other—by the Lord Harry, I could not do it, though I knew life—yet ſome how or other they found out the way to inſinuate and wriggle themſelves into favor; but "*Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, ſæpe caveto**."

This ſpeech ſome of the company thought was the effect of ſpleen and diſappointment, and others that it was a true picture drawn by the pencil of ex-

* Vide Horace Ep.

perience,

perience, while a few admired the latin, though they did not underſtand it.

For my own part I cannot at all agree with my friend Daniel on this ſubject, as I both believe and hope public offices in general are under much better regulations.

It is very difficult, eſpecially in the metropolis, to fix the particular point of œconomy, but perhaps the beſt error of the two is on the parſimonious ſide, that may be corrected, the other cannot. In my new ſituation, though I was no miſer, frugality I thought not amiſs, and as I had ſome leiſure hours to fill up, muſic preſented itſelf as the moſt agreeable ſuccedaneum. I therefore reſumed my practice on the violin, and for variety ſake, learned to play a few tunes on the modern britiſh lyre; at one and the ſame time becoming a thrummer of wire and a ſcraper of catgut. In ſhort, not to tire my readers patience, I made ſufficient progreſs on both inſtruments, at leaſt to entertain myſelf, a circumſtance which I think very fortunate, for whilſt I was purſuing an elegant amuſement it was the means of keeping me from idleneſs and expence

" By muſic minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high nor ſink too low."

POPE.

In

In ſhort my attachment to this ſweet ſcience was, and ſtill continues, a never-failing conſolation when troubled with *ennui*, or depreſſed with the anxieties of life, for anxieties we all have, more or leſs, real or imaginary; and every one, perhaps, at ſome period of their exiſtence, are ready to cry out with Gay,

" Life is a jeſt, and all things ſhow it,
I thought ſo once, but now I know it."

What Dr. Johnſon ſaid of old Macklin, is, in ſome degree appl cable to life, " a perpetual renovation of hope with a reiteration of diſappointment". Here I cannot help quoting from Dr. Goldſmith's elegant little ballad of Edwin and Angelina.

" And what is friendſhip but a name,
A charm that lulls to ſleep,
A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

" And love is ſtill an emptier ſoond,
The modern fair ones jeſt;
On earth unſeen or only found
To warm the turtle's neſt."

At leaſt it may be obſerved, thoſe who hunt after

happineſs here may follow the chace a great while without being able to over take her;

" Life is a *mixture*, and we ought to meet
Indifferently the *bitter* and the *ſweet*."

And to obtain happineſs (at beſt but imperfect) we ſhould do wiſe at all times to confine our deſires within a ſmall compaſs,

" Do juſtice, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God."

Here the reader will probably throw aſide my book, rail at the poor author; and cry "Pſha! what a ſtring of reflections is here jumbled together! the fellow is aiming at ſentiment again." But (to ſpeak officially) *I do hereby ſtrictly direct and require*, all without diſtinction, *to maturely conſider and obſerve* the foregoing paſſages, for however awkwardly they may be introduced, my aim was at truth, and I think I have not much miſſed the mark.

Since I have been ſettled, nothing very material has occurred, except the deaths of my good parents. and with reſpect to matrimony, which is the end of moſt novels, I think it very deſirable when affection and property are united; or in other words

when

when we poſſeſs a genteel ſufficiency with thoſe we love.

I remember one evening while I was ſmoaking a Pipe at the *Coal-hole**, in the Strand, the ſubject I am now ſpeaking of was ſtarted, when old Sam Slyboots, laying down his tube, ſhrewdly obſerved that, " Celibacy was a kind of unnatural ſtate, and parents would act wiſely to endeavour to fix all their children without diſtinction, in a way which would enable them, early in life, to marry with prudence." While on this ſubject, I cannot be at a loſs for an extract.

" Hail wedded love, myſterious law, true ſource
Of human off-ſpring; ſole propriety
In paradiſe of all things common elſe.
By thee adulterous luſt was driv'n from men
Among the beſtial herds to range by thee
Founded in reaſon, loyal juſt and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon and brother firſt were known.
Far be it that I ſhou'd write——

" *Far be it* indeed, that you ſhould write any more in this lofty ſtrain"—holloed out my old friend Bob Rattle, who peeped over my ſhoulder at the time, " not ſo much in the ſublime and beau-

* A houſe much frequented for porter drinking.

tiful

tiful I beſeech you; I'll help you to a quotation a thouſand times more in nature than your miltonian effuſions," he therefore picked out a dozen lines rom his favourite Hudibras, which to oblige him I here ſubjoin.

" Marriage is but a beaſt, ſome ſay,
That carries double in foul way
And therefore 'tis not to be admired,
It ſhould ſo ſuddenly be tir'd.

" There ſurely are no bargains driv'n
Nor marriages clapt up in Heaven,
And that's the reaſon, as ſome gueſs,
There is no heav'n in marriages.

" For after matrimony's over,
He that holds out, but half a lover;
Deſerves for ev'ry minute, more
Than half a year of love before."

" But notwithſtanding the curious ſelection you have made," ſays I, addreſſing myſelf to this antimatrimonialiſt, " you muſt acknowledge, Rattle, that the expence of a married life, it but a triflle more than that of a ſingle one; as for inſtance, the ſame bed will ſuffice, and partly the ſame garments, for the wife, too often I muſt confeſs, *wears the breeches*"

But to be ſerious, I am by no means an enemy to wedlock, having a very high idea of the *domus et placens uxor*, and mean to marry when love and prudence lead the way; in the interim I muſt content myſelf as I am, filling up the intervals of buſineſs with muſic, books, the theatres, a pipe and a friend, not omitting news and newſpapers*, which laſt, though not always accompanied with truth, make us acquainted with human nature and what paſſes in the world; for Milton ſays,

> " to know
> That which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wiſdom."

In regard to the theatres which I have more than once hinted at in theſe memoirs (and which, under proper regulations I judge to be the moſt rational of all public places) I remember with pleaſure the late Bath and London Roſcius, the judicious Henderſon, in many of his characters tragic and comic; but the humours of Shakeſpear's old fat knight were pourtrayed by him with a colouring and judgment which no predeceſſor ever did, or ſucceſſor, perhaps, ever will exceed.

* Many are of opinion, that miſcellaneous information collected in news papers, contributes more to the inſtruction of the age, than the moſt ingenious and laboured treatiſes.

The performance of a Siddons now affords an equal delight to the lovers of tragedy; for can the eye of ſenſibility refrain dropping a tear when this wonderful actreſs diſplays her powers in Iſabella, Belvidera, &c. for my part I confeſs my weakneſs (if it is a weakneſs) and that

" The ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtopp'd,
But I had not ſo much of man in me;
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

SHAKESPEARE's Henry V.

Previous to this lady's appearance in Ireland, a military officer of that kingdom of diſtinguiſhed rank and courage, happened to be one night in the ſtage-box at Drury-lane, during her performance of Jane Shore. Towards the concluſion of the play, the Hibernian hero turning to his companion exclaimed, " By J—s, captain, we have ſome pretty little titmouſes in Dublin that act ſome *moving things* on and off the ſtage too; but by St. Patrick, this woman moves me in a manner diffe-rent from all others, ſhe works round my heart like a whirligig, and I never ſee her perform, but as that clever Warwickſhire lad (who ſhould have been born in Ireland) ſays, " mine eyes ſmell onions"

Here

Here I cannot omit mentioning the amuſement I have received from the performances of the veteran Macklin, the graceful Smith, that general player, Palmer, the judicious Kemble, the comic King, the mirth-inſpiring Parſons, the facetious Quick, that queer dog Edwin, humorous Dod, agreeable Lewis, &c. &c.

And amongſt the ladies, the exertions of the accompliſhed Pope, the taſteful Abington, the elegant Farren, that queen of ſmiles, Jordan, the enchanting Mara, the warbling Billington, the melodious Kennedy, the ſyren-like Crouch, the ſprightly Martyr, &c. &c.

" All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts.

" Life's a mere walking ſhadow, a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more! It is a tale
Told by an ideot, full of ſound and fury.
Signifying nothing."

I am conſcious that the good natured readers will find inaccuracies and irregularities in the ſtyle and manner of writing uſed here, which their lenity

will

will excuſe; and the ill natured ones, the ſnarling critics, will no doubt object to the numerous quotations from the different authors; but having before ſaid a word to thoſe gentlemen, I ſhall here only add, that if my unprejudiced and indulgent peruſers think the little poetical extracts properly applied, I ſhall conſider myſelf more than repaid for the trouble of collecting them; for though they are pretty numerous, yet, as the ingenious author of the Night Thoughts ſays,

" There is in poeſy a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when ſhe ſpeaks to proſe,
Her younger ſiſter."

Previous to my final quotation I muſt beg leave to introduce one more on a ſubject, which cannot fail of being agreeable to all my readers, I mean a bleſſing of which I ſincerely wiſh them the uninterrupted enjoyment.

" HEALTH the ſalt of life, which does to all a reliſh give,
It's ſtanding pleaſure and intrinſick wealth,
The body's virtue, and the ſoul's good fortune."

COWLEY.

And now having arrived at the concluſion of my narrative, I think it neceſſary to declare, that I conceive

ceive it my duty to be as content in my ſituation as poſſible, with gratitude to Providence for the benefits I enjoy, in preference to many of my fellow-creatures, an idea I wiſh always to cheriſh, as well as to keep in mind the following lines from Pope's charming Eſſay on Man, which may be of uſe not only to myſelf but to all who honour this little hiſtory with a peruſal:

" HOPE ſprings eternal in the human breaſt
Man never is, but always to be bleſt:
The ſoul uneaſy, and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.
Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions ſoar,
Wait the great teacher, Death, and GOD adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that HOPE to be thy BLESSING now."

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

☞ *The following Lines were written extempore by the Author, at a very early Period of Life, and being his firſt Attempt, have a Claim to the Readers' Indulgence.*

ON SELF INTEREST.

'TIS Self in us that bears ſuperior ſway
In all we think or do, in all we ſay:
'Tis intereſt charms us, maſters all the ſoul,
Guides all our actions, all our thoughts controul.
How ſtrange to think! but not more ſtrange than true,
That ev'ry one ſhou'd this ſame road purſue.
In ſpite of reaſon, gratitude, or ſenſe,
Too many wade through thick and thin for pence.
Few very few, the golden plan purſue,
To do with others as they'd have them do;
But "number one" engage too much their care,
They've not for other's e'en a pitying tear.
Benevolence and ſympathy ſeem loſt,
Amidſt the ocean of ſelf intereſt toſt.

Yet let not ſatire dip her pen in gall,
Cenſure the juſt, (indeed the number's ſmall);
However ſmall, we won't deſpair to find
Some few old-faſhioned of a generous mind,
Who ſcorn to take advantage where they can,
Intereſt apart—fix an impartial plan,
And prove God's nobleſt work—an HONEST MAN.

The

The Author here preſents his Readers with a Collection of Card Games enigmatized, as an additional Amuſement for a Chriſtmas Fire-ſide, being one of his almoſt infantile Productions.

" In my tender nonage, while I ſpread
My ſpringing leaves, and lift my infant head,
Indulge my childhood."

DRYDEN's Virg. Georg.

I.

DRESS in reverſion.

II.

Half a mathematical inſtrument, a ſmall rivulet, and a vowel.

III.

A german foot ſoldier.

IV.

Half a hebrew meaſure and three fifths of a note in muſic.

V.

An interjection commanding ſilence.

VI.

What infants are put in, with the initial of a laborious fly, annexed to the continuance of human life.

VII.

What the brute creation generally walk upon.

VIII.

Four ſevenths of a muſical inſtrument, and the third part of moral philoſophy.

IX.

Half a river-fiſh. three eighths of an interrogatory and a conſonant.

X.

The ſupport of this nation.

XI.

What ſharpers do, a latin conjunction and a conſonant,

XII.

A celebrated britiſh poet, and a *female* pontiff.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

" Elections are the madneſs of many for the gain of a few."

SWIFT.

" The rabblement hooted, and clapt their chopt hands, and threw up their ſweaty night caps, and uttered ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath——

——" for mine own part I durſt not laugh for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air."

SHAKESPEARE's Julius Cæſar.

Ruminating on the above paſſages after a walk to the huſtings at Covent-garden, at the time of the laſt election, gave riſe to the following ſong which though it claims no praiſe, has at leaſt the merit of being unprejudiced by party.

A SQUIB,

Let off by the Author at the WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

Tune—"*The firſt time at the looking glaſs, &c.*"
BEGGAR'S OPERA.

I.

WHEN F—x or H—d
Their country's good
Pretend to have at heart, ſir,
'Tis all d—d ſtuff,
Election puff,
Words empty as a f—t, ſir.

II.

While blackguards rail,
And guzzle ale,
Or bawl with lungs of leather,
A well plac'd bribe
Will turn the ſcale
With minds as light as feather.

For

III.

For liberty
They fret and foam,
And huzza Charley F—x, ſir
But fee'd by H—d
Cry " D—n his blood!
Let's ſet him in the ſtocks ſir."

IV.

See drunkenneſs
And brawls prevail,
They tip about *Mendoza's*,
What charming ſport!
" Ay that's your ſort!"
Black eyes and bloody noſes.

V.

The broken head,
Or carcaſe bruis'd,
May mended be with plaiſter,
But ſometimes death
Stops up the breath,
To end the ſad diſaſter.

VI.

Elections free,
They may do good,
When bribery's let alone O;
But ſuch a ſtir
At Weſtminſter,
We well may cry—*cui bono?*

Hang

VII.

Hang party ſpite!
All ſhould unite
To guard the conſtitution;
Great Magna Charta
Keep in mind,
And glorious Revolution.

VIII.

Then let us ſing,
Long live the King
To make our hearts right gladdy:
May GEORGE his ſon
In future prove
As good a Man as Daddy.

FINIS.